

J. M. Knight

11622. c. 41

S O N N E T S

K

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.



S O N N E T.

WITH smiles, false tokens of pretended Joy;
 The pangs of real anguish I endure;
 No wav'ring hopes, or fears my thoughts employ,
 Vain both to Him, whose Misery is sure:

Calm on my brow fits well dissembled Ease,
 While light Indiff'rence ev'ry chance defies;
 Since Fortune's fairest look must fail to please,
 When tyrant Fate my only wish denies:

Ye fond complaints! forbear your vain request;
 Nor urge the pity of my LAURA's breast,
 To feel for sorrows she can ne'er allay;
 Bleed on, my heart! but let the kind disguise
 Spread unsuspected o'er my tongue and eyes,
 Deceiving only, lest I should betray.

S O N N E T.

THO' vain the wishes in my breast that glow,
 Tho' vain, my LAURA! e'en thy smiles will prove,
 Let Pity still, tho' unavailing, show
 What would have been the rapture of thy love :

Fill'd with the thought, I feel my bosom heave,
 Pride holds her throne triumphant in my eyes,
 While Fates more mild I unrepining leave,
 And less-deserving happiness despise :

As when, by lightning rent, some rising fame
 With gorgeous fragments strews the desert plain,
 O'er the rich heaps with sacred awe we pass ;
 Thus shall the world with pitying wonder view
 The tow'ring height, to which my wishes flew,
 And from the ruins judge the perfect mass.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WITH envious stroke, let Fortune still cut down
 The sweetest hope, the fondest love can frame;
 Constant in nought but her capricious frown;
 Fortune may change, but DELIA is the same :

Let Absence, clad in darkest garb of Woe;
 Press the torn heart with pangs it cannot name,
 While sad Remembrance doubles ev'ry blow;
 Joy may be lost, but DELIA is the same :

Let fell Despair rush eager for it's prize,
 And mark my bosom for it's certain aim;
 Firm and unconquer'd by the dart I rise;
 Despair must fly, while DELIA is the same :
 Thus, Love ! thro' Fortune, Absence, and Despair,
 Assert thy pow'r, and guard a faithful Pair.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From PETRARCH.

DEATH! thou the world without a fun hast left
 Cold, dark, and chearless, Love disarm'd and blind;
 Beauty of charms, and Grace of pow'r bereft,
 And leav'st me only my afflicted mind :

See, captive truth, and virgin softness fade;
 I grieve alone, nor only ought to grieve;
 Since Virtue's fairest flow'r thy spoil is made,
 The prime worth lost, What second can retrieve?

Let earth, air, sea, their common woes bemoan,
 Mankind lament, which now its boast is flown,
 A gemless ring, a flow'rlens mead appears;
 The world posselt, nor knew its treasure's pride,
 I knew it well, who here in grief abide,
 And heav'n, which owes its beauty to my tears.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WHOE'ER delights o'er Zembia's frozen plain,
 Or Afric's heaps of burning sand to rove,
 Whoe'er delights in sharpest sense of pain,
 He, and he only, can find blifs in love :

If anxious hopes, if torturing suspense,
 If racking fears, which no mild art removes,
 If sullen cares to blifs can have pretence,
 Then happi'est He, who most sincerely loves :

But ah ! no charm of Magic's subtlest art,
 No glossing comment of weak Reason's guile,
 Can thus deceive the real-aching heart,
 Or make Affliction in her fetters smile :
 Too sad a witness of this truth am I,
 Who cannot with her live, and must without her die.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From HABERT.

Go, gentle sighs ! haste soft enchanting thought,
 And seek the bosom of my lovely fair,
 Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her hands, her hair,
 Then haste ye back, with thousand pleasures fraught :

Fly, soft complaints ! and thro' the yielding air
 Light Zephyr's pennons to your speed implore,
 While you the beauties of my nymph adore,
 And with you all my tender wishes bear :

Beware ! lest Cupid, who beneath her brow
 His fortrefs holds, a fiery dart should throw ;
 Fly quick, address her, and as quick return ;
 Lest by approaching to a flame so bright,
 Like Icarus, your wings should fail in flight,
 And, like your master, you unpity'd burn.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WITH hearts unchill'd by doubt, or by dismay,
 Let lovers make reluctant beauty bow ;
 No feign'd contempt their eager hopes delay,
 Nor the short anger of an artful brow :

In various toils the fair our tempers prove,
 In various forms exert their fickle sway ;
 Then crown the victor with deserved love,
 As they rule best, who can the best obey :

Thus wily Proteus ev'ry pow'r essay'd
 To daunt the shepherd, and his grasp evade,
 While direct forms the struggling God conceal'd ;
 Till held secure by his relentless hand,
 No more he strove against the just demand,
 Resum'd his shape, and Fate's high will reveal'd.

B

SONNET.

SONNET.—From PETRARCH.

To a NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET mourner Thou ! who in thy artless tone
 Pouring the sorrows of thy swelling throat,
 Haply thy mate, or infant brood to moan,
 Fillest the air with Pity's thrilling note :

Here each long night I listen to thy tale,
 While harpy thoughts each racking grief renew ;
 I, who my own fond error only wail,
 Not thinking death a Goddess could subdue :

Vain Hope ! Deceit's inevitable prey,
 Those eyes are sunk in damp neglected clay,
 Which equal splendor might with Phœbus boast :
 Now am I grown by sad Misfortune wise,
 And know too truly by my tears and sighs,
 That least is lasting which we doat on most.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

CHECK not, my Love ! those pity-moving sighs
 That heave incessant from that Angel's breast;
 Where grief enchanted with its anguish lies,
 But dare be true, tho' truth be never blest;

Dry not the torrent of those pearly tears,
 Which, melting, bubble from the heart oppress;
 Such is the look ill-fated virtue wears,
 Then dare be true, tho' truth be never blest :

Divided sorrow loses half its smart,
 View then in me its sternest pow'r confess;
 Nay pour thy griefs entire upon my heart,
 Which still is true, tho' truth be never blest :
 Thus, Phoenix-like, we brave despotic fate,
 And from our ruin'd joys a new-born bliss create.

SONNET.—From ROUSSEAU.

CHASTE pow'r of Love! whose steady fires refine
 The meaner dross of man's corrupted frame;
 Each wand'ring wish in one fix'd hope combine,
 Stamp'd with thy dread inviolable name:

To thy commands let sense the reins resign,
 Or veil its transports with thy decent shame;
 Whose joys conceal'd with heighten'd lustre shine,
 As midnight fires with doubled splendour flame:

To those, whose passions undetermin'd stray,
 Intent alone on Pleasure's worthless prey,
 Each man is lovely, and each woman fair;
 True Love from all, One, only one selects,
 That idol high above all thought erects,
 And sinks all others far beneath its care.

SONNET

S O N N E T.

WHILE with fix'd eyes entranc'd I yet can gaze,
 While yet can clasp thee to this panting breast;
 While absence yet its fatal stroke delays,
 Oh hear thy parting Lover's last request !

I do but ask at this dread hour, to know
 The thrilling rapture of one mutual kiss;
 Then proudly arm'd against approaching woe,
 My thoughts shall triumph in past scenes of bliss :

Thus, while extended on his bed of death,
 The sick man draws his last short gasp of breath,
 And hoping, fearing, nor yet lives, nor dies;
 If on his lips the sacred sign he feels,
 Each agonizing pang the blessing heals,
 And calm, resign'd the soul contented flies.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From MARINO.

THOU gentle Son of Silence and of Night,
 Father of Fancy's bright ideal train !
 Sleep ! by whose pathless footsteps gliding light,
 Enamour'd souls their love's high heav'n obtain ;

Now that deep sunk beneath thy friendly shade,
 All hearts, but mine, are in thy bands confin'd,
 Quit thy Cimmerian grotts, too truly made
 The dark resemblance of my gloomy mind :

Come, with thy calm oblivion to my aid,
 And with thee bring the image of the maid,
 Whose sight alone so lost a wretch can save ;
 But if that form my slumbers may not bless,
 Yet fly not, Thou ! that I may still possess
 At least the image of that death I crave.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

TOO long, my heart ! haft thou with wanton change,
 Rov'd thro' the mazes of inconstant Love ;
 Like summer's fleeting clouds, no longer range,
 But strive the joys of steady truth to prove :

No more shall light Indifference betray
 My hopes, my wishes, with her carelefs smile,
 Pride shall resign her flatt'ring, selfish sway,
 And Art no more weak willing Faith beguile :

The sparkling beam that on the water plays,
 No longer darts around its fickle rays,
 When Zephyr folds his sportive wings to rest ;
 Thus, Truth ! do thou my wand'ring thoughts collect,
 That Love's unruffled splendor may reflect
 My LAURA's image perfect in my breast.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From MARINO.

To go, yet stay; and staying to be gone,
 To leave the heart within another's breast,
 To sigh, lament, nor yet know why we moan,
 To die with grief, without Death's peaceful rest;

To pine with Hope, to languish with Desire,
 To feed the fancy with past scenes of bliss,
 To lose the joys which Truth might still inspire,
 To fall from heav'n to torture's deep abyss;

To trust Suspicion, and the truth deny,
 In hollow caves, and desert wilds to lie,
 To senseless rocks our hapless state to tell;
 Endless to call each minute of an hour;
 This is that absence whose relentless pow'r,
 Subdues the soul, and makes our life a hell.

SONNET.

S O N N E T,

To an eminent PREACHER.

LONG was I wont, by youthful Pride misled,
 Lur'd by the Tinsel of weak human art,
 To praise the labours of the learned head,
 And scorn the breathings of the pious heart :

I came, I saw, was conquer'd, and confess
 The pow'r, great Teacher ! of thy voice divine,
 No more I strive thy merits to suppress,
 But tune my voice to humble praise of thine :

Thus, * when of old the tuneful Prophet-train
 From GOD's high hill descended on the plain,
 Thro' SAUL's proud heart a sacred tremor ran ;
 Long did he pause, with admiration fir'd,
 Till fill'd at last, with what he long admir'd,
 He seiz'd a Harp, and was another man.

* Vid. SAM. I B. 10 C. 5, 6, V.

S O N N E T, to a L A D Y,

Who wept at a Tragedy.

O H Women, Women ! did you really know
 The source from which your best allurements flow ;
 No longer would you trust the di'monds glare,
 But grace your Beauties with a pearly Tear :

Dress may attract the Gazer's wanton eyes,
 Who makes your Charms expos'd his lawless prize,
 But when the Tear in silence trickles down,
 We see your Heart, and conquer'd yield our own :

Pow'rful in tears, upon the desert coast,
 Thus Ariadne mourn'd her Theseus lost ;
 When Bacchus felt unknown emotions rise,
 Love mix'd with Awe, and Pity with Surprise :
 Use then, ye Fair ! the pow'rs which Nature gave,
 And lordly Man shall bow your willing slave.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From PETRARCH.

LOVE! thou who see'st each inmost thought display'd,
 Each step I take with Thee my only guide,
 Oh, let thine eyes this panting breast pervade,
 Reveal'd to Thee, but clos'd to All beside!

Thou know'st what toils, pursuing thee, are past,
 While still from height to height thy pennons soar,
 Nor deign'st one pitying look on me to cast,
 Who wearied, fainting, can pursue no more:

I see from far the mildly-beaming ray,
 To which thou pointest thro' a pathless way,
 But I, like Thee, can spread no wings to fly;
 From humble thought then let me draw content,
 In distant homage let my life be spent,
 Nor she be' offended that for Her I sigh.

S O N N E T,

To two young LADIES, with GRAY's Poems.

THO' Youth fit smiling in your cheeks and eyes,
 With infant Love, unconscious of his reign;
 Tho' Beauty now alone might claim the prize,
 Nor ask the Muse's aid to bind the chain:

Yet led by Him thro' Wisdom's thoughtful shades,
 Shades dear to Him, who sang their praise so well;
 When Time the lustre of your bloom invades,
 In Worth more noble shall your Minds excel:

Thus early Trees, the favourites of Spring,
 Their branches round with wild luxuriance fling,
 While op'ning blossoms scent the passing air;
 Yet humbly pliant to some skilful guide,
 With ripen'd Fruits swell Autumn's plenteous tide,
 And amply pay the timely tender care.

SONNET.

SONNET, to a LADY.

LET low Suspicion with half-closing eye,
And mean Mistrust, to virtu'ous hearts unknown,
Thro' others breast, with hope malignant pry,
To find those faults she feels within her own ;

While gen'rous Candour to some kindred mind
Her Thought reveals, within herself secure,
And feels the sympathetic joy refin'd,
By corresponding beams reflected pure :

O sacred Bond ! which Taste and Truth adore,
Thy rapid pow'r Time's languid pace disdains,
Nor shuns a stranger, if to worth ally'd ;
The Naiads thus their streams united pour,
From distant urns, and grace the fertile plains
With added splendor, and augmented tide.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

O Thou ! whom lost too early, known too late,
 I quit oppress'd with complicated grief,
 How is my heart, by doubly wayward Fate,
 Doom'd not to feel, or feel without relief !

In senseless silence past the languid hours,
 When Fortune gave thee to my transient view,]
 Now must the Muse, while thus her strain she pours,
 With her first Homage blend her last Adieu :

Thus, o'er the streams, along whose verdant sides
 All Nature blossoms, unimpassion'd glides
 The fullen Swan, nor swells his vocal throat ;
 Till Death, with threat'ning dart now brandish'd high,
 Reveals the Beauties to his closing eye,
 Then strikes the blow, and stops th' expiring note.

SONNET.

S O N N E T,

To a LADY, who refused to write Verses.

☞ The MUSE speaks.

SHALL impious Feet, impell'd by fordid gain,
Burst thro' the confines of our sacred bow'rs ?
Shall daring hands, with arrogance profane,
Grasp at the Wreaths of our selected flow'rs ?

And shall MARIA from the tuneful Nine
Reluctant turn with diffident dismay ?
Forbid our Chaplets on her brow to shine,
Nor lend her voice to grace our festive Lay ?

Sisters ! it must be so ;—in plaintive tone
Then raise the Song, and let the notes bemoan
The flatt'ring Hope which disappointed flies ;
Thus, while in fond regret these accents flow,
Our Justice, not our Gratitude, shall show
To Her those honours, She to Us denies.

SONNET.

S O N N E T,

To an eminent PREACHER.

W HILE Folly's blast, and Vice ^{with} A rapid tide,
 O'erwhelm the feeble, and the firm molest,
 The Firm abus'd by Folly into Pride,
 The Weak by Vice with servile Fear oppress ;

With steady step thou tread'st the shoals of life,
 Calm, while around the deaf'ning tempest roars,
 Lull'd at thy voice our passions cease their strife,
 Pride prays in Fear, and Fear in Hope adores :

Thus, * when the SAVIOUR, by Compassion mov'd,
 Amidst the stubborn waves saw those he lov'd
 In useless toil their fainting strength employ ;
 The Sea confest the Footsteps of its GOD,
 While o'er its surge with unwet feet he trod,
 Made known his voice, and turn'd their Fear to Joy.

* Vid. St. MARK, C. 6. V. 48, &c.

SONNET.

S O N N E T,

To a LADY in a Quaker's Dress.

TIR'D with the dazzling glare, the rash display,
 Which Beauty suffers from the pride of Art,
 I felt no Joy from Fashion's gaudy ray;
 My sense disgusted, and unmov'd my heart;

When to my sight a female Form appear'd,
 Where decent Nature holds her simple reign,
 Once more the pow'r of Beauty I rever'd,
 And my heart own'd its long remitted chain :

Thus, when the garish Sun with noon-tide beam
 Darts o'er the mountain his oppressive gleam,
 In languid silence the faint Shepherd lies;
 But when at eve the solemn Queen of Night
 Sheds o'er the groves her mitigated light,
 Again the valley to his pipe replies.

D

SONNET.

SONNET.—From PETRARCH.

TREE of triumphant Victory ! whose leaf
 For Bards and Heroes forms the glorious crown,
 How many days of blended joy and grief
 Have I from thee, thro' Life's short passage known !

Lady most noble ! who in Virtue's field
 Reapest unrival'd Honour, all thy Care ;
 To Thee must Love his arts insidious yield,
 Whose calm discretion fees, and scorns the snare :

The Pride of Birth, with all that here we hold
 Most precious, sparkling gems or massy gold,
 Abject alike in thy regard appear ;
 Nay e'en thy Charms, the world's fixt wonder, raise
 No joy in Thee, but as their splendors blaze
 From Chastity's true light, serenely clear.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WHILE Fancy's pow'r the vulgar Herd deny,
 Or solemn Sages the soft Magic blame,
 As raising Phantoms vain to Reason's eye,
 Or painting blifs beyond our mortal frame ;

I, both despising, with assiduous care,
 A Form unseen from Fame, and Friendship drew,
 And found when Time disclos'd the real Fair,
 The glowing Picture was no more than true :

His iv'ry statue thus Pygmalion view'd,
 Transpos'd each gem, each flow'ry wreath renew'd,
 And felt each added grace new charms impart ;
 Till granting what his silent wish desir'd,
 Venus the mass with vital warmth inspir'd,
 When Truth confirm'd the fancied Work of Art.

D 2 SONNET.

S O N N E T,

To a LADY careſſing her CHILDREN.

SEE, where around the lovely Parent cling
 The ſmiling Infants, her ſincereſt Blifs,
 While on their Lips, more ſweet than breath of Spring,
 She prints the ſoftneſs of a Mother's kiſs ;

A kiſs, for which luxurious Wealth it's ſtore,
 And titled Grandeur all it's glittering toys,
 With vain Allurement at her Feet wou'd pour,
 While infant Innocence the Boon enjoys :

Thus, while around the bleſt REDEEMER's knees,
 The Children preſt with meek attempt to pleaſe,
 Their ſoothing fondneſs He with pleaſure eyed ;
 Then thus addreſt his aged wond'ring train,
 ' Be Ye like theſe Heav'ns bliſſful realms to gain,
 ' Since Souls like theſe alone with Me reſide.'

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WHILE Coxcombs stung by disappointed Pride,
 With Falshood's boast their just defeat conceal,
 Or shallow hearts, o'erflow'd by Folly's tide,
 Favours untold, unenvied cannot feel ;

My faithful heart it's thoughts on Bliss employs,
 Too great for Pride, or Envy to improve ;
 Scarce to myself I trembling tell my Joys,
 Fill'd with th' exalted Avarice of Love :

Thus ample Rivers, in whose useless tide
 No potent virtues of fair Health reside,
 With idle pomp invite the Sun's gay beam ;
 While in the covert of some lonely shade
 The stream, rich-fraught with Nature's friendly aid,
 Unseen, unsought-for, rolls it's secret stream.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From MARINO.

LASH on, thy loit'ring Steeds, before the time
 Fair Goddess ! quit the Bosom of the night,
 Since nor high Noon, nor Morning's rosy prime,
 Like thee can give me Comfort, or Delight ;

And let the leader of the starry train,
 Hesperus, yielding to my tender pray'r,
 Encamp his bands along the azure plain,
 Chearing the horrors of the darken'd air :

Arise, O Moon ! my faithful Guide arise,
 And o'er the regions of the vaulted skies,
 O deign to shed thy mild propitious ray !
 Thou from the sun, which feeds thy silver beams,
 Shalt light and life receive in copious streams,
 I from those Eyes which turn my night to day.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

THINK not, tho' Silence hath my tongue confin'd,
 That worth like Yours could unadmir'd remain,
 Where Wit and Beauty blend their charms to bind
 The heart and judgment in one willing chain;

Yet while around you, insolent and loud,
 The gaudy tribes of Dissipation throng,
 The bashful Muse retiring shuns the croud,
 Nor dares to warble forth her decent song :

Thus while the mid-day Sun displays his fire,
 The flutt'ring triflers of the feather'd choir
 Their frantic raptures chant in wanton Lays ;
 But when still Evening spreads her soothing gleam,
 The Night's sweet Bird salutes the parting beam,
 And calms her grief with notes of humble praise.

— SONNET.

SONNET.—From METASTASIO.

NOT Thee; O Hymen ! fabled God, I hail,
 Nor ask thy fancied Torch, and Garland vain ;
 Nor Her, whom Greece, with legendary Tale,
 Has feign'd the produce of the foaming main ;

But Thee alone, celestial, sacred Love !
 To guard the royal couch I suppliant call ;
 Thee, by whose laws the Constellations move,
 And Order governs this terrestrial Ball :

Thrice happy Pair ! with ev'ry Grace endow'd,
 Still of your race shall ITALY be proud,
 And each new Hero swell her former Fame ;
 Thus, shall We both in noble strife contend,
 Whilst We on You for ev'ry Hope depend,
 And You surpass the boldest Hope We frame.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

OPPREST with Sickness, to her couch confin'd,
 Bereft of speech and motion, CHLORIS lay,
 While ruthless Fate her youthful years consign'd
 To fell Disease an unresisting prey :

In vain the God of Epidaurus fought
 Each aid his art of healing could afford,
 Till gentle Nature, sov'reign Goddess, brought
 Her unexpected help, and Health restor'd :

The Brook, thus fetter'd by the Winter's frost,
 It's rippling course with ev'ry flow'r has lost,
 While human skill can no relief impart :
 But when the Spring returns with genial beam,
 Each flow'ret blows beside the murm'ring stream ;
 So strong is Nature, and so weak is Art.

E

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WHEN in the West the Sun conceals his ray,
 The Nymph in plaintive note the loss deplores ;
 When from the East the dawn proclaims the day,
 In chearful song the Swain the light adores ;

But when at Noon the tranquil radiance beams,
 And Nature glows with perfect blessings crown'd,
 O'er both their bosoms Bliss securely streams,
 And looks of thanks supply th' imperfect sound :

Thus while past hours now close their tedious race,
 Which kept ROSALBA from my fond embrace,
 And future promise yields to present joy ;
 The Muse contracts her late-expanded Wing,
 Of Grief or Hope forbears alike to sing,
 While speechless rapture all her pow'rs employ.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From Tasso.

THY early youth was like the bashful Rose,
 Shunning the day's too penetrative light,
 Whose verdant leaves its future charms inclose,
 Hiding it's Virgin Beauties from the sight ;

Or rather did'st thou seem (for nought on earth
 Can be thy likeness) an æthereal Dawn,
 Which calls the Day-spring into perfect birth,
 Gilds ev'ry mountain, and impearls each lawn :

And now, thy years mature their pride maintain,
 Nor youth, that boasts the triumph of her reign,
 Commands superior, or an equal praise ;
 Our Senses thus the flow'r more grateful greets,
 Whose ripen'd bosom breathes ambrosial sweets,
 And the Morn yields to Noon's collected Blaze.

S O N N E T.

On the UGOLINO painted by Sir J. REYNOLDS.

OFT had the Father, in Grief's frantic rage,
 Rent the white honors from his rev'rend head,
 As oft essay'd his sorrows to assuage,
 While o'er his Sons a flood of tears he shed ;

But here, while Agony's increasing weight,
 Controuls Affliction in each outward show,
 Behold him petrified by savage Fate,
 Motionless sit a Monument of Woe :

Thus * when the winds of Winter urge their course,
 No more confin'd within it's flow'ry fides
 The heaving river swells in troubled tides ;
 But when the bitter blast, with keener force,
 Across the stream an icy fetter throws,
 The harden'd wave is fix'd in dead repose.

* Vid. Miss WILLIAMS's Poems, Vol II. P. 39.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From DESPORTES.

TO Thee, these tears I offer from my heart,

To calm thine anger, unrelenting Fate !

Oh spare my Love, nor let thy lifted dart

On Beauty's empire reek thy mortal Hate ;

If such thy Will, to shew thy cruel Might,

Oh, let my bosom with its point be torn,

Pity her charms, our Wonder, and Delight,

Nor leave the World in Poverty to mourn :

But, if my cries must fail to reach thine ear,

And thou thy savage boast art bent to rear

O'er all that's faithful, and o'er all that's fair :

Still let her Beauty grace our honour'd age,

And Thou strike boldly, to content thy rage,

That perfect Form which in my heart I bear.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

YE favour'd Sons of Painting's mimic Art !

Whose hands in subtile lines expressive trace
Each rising passion of the human breast,

Or deck with chosen beauties Nature's face ;

Ye, who now tread the blest Elysian plain,

Where CLAUDE's rich fancy is in truth survey'd,
And round the spirits of th' immortal Train,

GUIDO beholds his own bright thoughts display'd ;

Attend ! and while Fame's loudest trump proclaims
Thro' ev'ry polish'd realm your sacred names,

Names, which no time can equal, or destroy ;
In these unfeign'd, uncultivated Lays,

Presumptu'ous efforts of admiring praise,

Accept the tribute of a grateful Joy.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

SEV'N times from Summer's heat to Winter's cold,

From icy floods, as oft to fultry plains,

The splendid ruler of the year has roll'd

In circling orb his car, with varied reins ;

In ev'ry course how oft Man's changeful race

From Hope to Fear, from Fear to Hope has stray'd,

In search of Bliss resum'd the wearied chace,

Condemn'd to grasp, and lose the fleeting shade !

While I secure from Disappointment's rage,

Free from Suspicion, which more sure than age

Consumes, or chills the bloffom of Desire ;

Find in ROSALBA's truth each doubt suppress,

Find in her love each expectation blest,

And joys in Both, which Lays like these inspire.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From DE PORCHERES.

HERE lies the worthy Husband of a Wife,
 Whose Virtues worthy of that Husband shone;
 Love's charming contest was their only strife,
 While in two Bodies their two Souls were One;

An equal ardour either breast reveal'd,
 It's favours heav'n bestow'd with equal hand;
 Both felt Love's Wound, in neither bosom heal'd,
 United both in one celestial band:

But He now sleeps, and She still wakes to mourn
 Her solitary couch, his lonely urn,
 Nor has She join'd to His her parting breath:
 No, no, a fond exchange each Confort bears,
 Half of her Life within her Heart He shares,
 She in his Tomb partakes of half his Death.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From PETRARCH.

IF fondest Faith, a heart to Guile unknown,
 Whose pleasing languor the soft wish betrays;
 Desires that glow with temper'd flames alone;
 If weary wand'rings in a murky maze;

If ev'ry thought in ev'ry feature borne,
 Or veil'd in words which interrupted move,
 As doubtful Fear, or bashful Hope have worn
 The Violet's paleness, or the blush of Love;

If more another than myself to prize,
 If still to weep, to heave incessant sighs,
 To feed on passion, or in grief to pine,
 To glow when distant, or when near to freeze,
 If all my suff'rings take their cause from These;
 Thine is the fault, the punishment is mine.

F

SONNET.

SONNET.—From METASTASIO.

On the Death of a LADY.

THOU virgin Rose ! whose op'ning leaves so fair
The dawn has nourish'd with her balmy dew ;
While softest whispers of the morning air
Call'd forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues ;

That cautious hand, which cropt thy youthful pride,
Transplants it honours, where from Death secure,
Stripp'd of each thorn offensive to thy side,
Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature :

Thus, thou a Flow'r, exempt from change of skies,
By storms and tempests unassail'd shalt rise,
And scorn the Winter-colds, and Summer-heats ;
A guard more faithful now thy growth shall tend,
By whom thou may'st in tranquil union blend
Eternal Beauties, with eternal Sweets.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From MARINO.

WHILE in sweet descant o'er the golden string
 The Hebrew Youth his flying fingers drew,
 The tortur'd mind of Judah's envious King
 From it's accustom'd pangs some respite knew ;

And while the Thracian Bard, in plaintive strains,
 Struck the deep furrows of his tuneful shell,
 The guilty souls were loosen'd from their chains,
 And Music sooth'd th' avenging pow'rs of Hell :

But now, when leaving the star-spangled sphere,
 With heav'nly sounds this Seraph strikes my ear,
 How can I still increasing Anguish prove ?
 Is it, that heav'nly harmony can fail
 To lull our cares, when earthly sounds prevail ?
 Or that Hell sooner is appeas'd than Love ?

SONNET.—From TADINI.

“ARE These the Eyes so gentle once, so bright?

“ This then the Face, which kindled such alarms

“ In Phrygian Paris, when on Ida's height

“ VENUS in her's reveal'd my promis'd Charms?

“ Is This the Fair One, for whom Ilium view'd

“ Her plains with Grecian helms and spears bespread,

“ For whom, by years of toil at length subdued,

“ She bow'd in flames her tow'r-encircled head?

“ Ah! like a shade my youthful bloom is flown;

“ But in this breast Remembrance rears her throne,

“ Vengeful of crimes no ages can erase:”

The Argive HELEN thus express her woes,

While as the mirror her lost beauty shows,

She saw Time's ravage, and her own disgrace.

SONNET.

SONNET.—From PETROCCHI.

I Ask'd of Time, "To whom was rear'd the Mass,
 "Whose ruins now thou crumblest with the soil?"
 He answer'd not, but fiercer shook his glass,
 And flew with swifter wing to wider spoil:

I ask'd of Fame, "O Thou! whose breath supplies
 "Life to high works of wonder, Whose Remains?"—
 Abash'd to earth she bent her mournful eyes,
 Like one who sighing silently complains:

Loft in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
 When o'er each heap I saw Oblivion stride
 With haughty mien, denoting fix'd design;
 "Thou then (I cry'd) can'st tell, ah! deign declare:"
 Stern she reply'd, and Thunder shook the air,
 "Whose once it was, I reckon not, Now, 'tis Mine."

SONNET.

SONNET, to HENRY the IVth of FRANCE.

From BERTAUD.

SUCH Fame exalted never didst thou gain,
When o'er the field the blood of thousands flow'd;
Or, when the Muses, in their boldest strain,
Their Crown of Glory on thy deeds bestow'd;

As Thou shalt gain long life, in ev'ry heart
Where faith and love shall glow with righteous praise,
Shewing thou warrest on Religion's part,
The Cause of Heav'n by Victory to raise :

Pursue, great Prince ! the tenour of thy Fate,
Crush all opposers to thy tranquil state,
While Discord sinks beneath thy thund'ring Car ;
Pursue, and let thy glories still increase ;
Make Thou Him triumph in the smiles of Peace,
Who made Thee triumph o'er the frowns of War.

SONNET.

S O N N E T,

On the Death of Lord ROBERT MANNERS.

BEHOLD, where Conquest with aspiring Gale
Salutes again our long-neglected shore;
No more shall Fleets combin'd insulting sail,
Your single force, ye Britons! doubt no more:

Ah boast too hasty, Triumph incomplete,
One spot appears upon our Sun of Fame;
The *Vet'ran's* * praises earth and air repeat,
Our sighs absorb a younger Hero's name:

He fought, he bled;—low sinks the Lamp of Life,
While Valour still holds unremitted strife,
And Death his Banner slowly, faintly rears;
BRITANNIA joins the Brother in his woe,
Sees in the Son the Father's spirit glow,
And bathes the dear-bought Laurel with her Tears]

* RODNEY.

(3)

S O N E T

On the Death of Lord Robert Mansel

BEHOLD, where Corvus with evening Gales

Scatters o'er our long-neglected shores

No more that Elbow's country's smiling hills

Yon bright tower, the Beacon's tower no more

All dark to-day, though in the night

One spot appears, the tower of the

The tower of the tower

5 MR 62

On the tower of the tower

He bright, he bright, he bright, he bright

While the tower of the tower

And I, and I, and I, and I, and I

Heaven's light, the light, the light, the light

So is the tower of the tower

And I, and I, and I, and I, and I

END

